

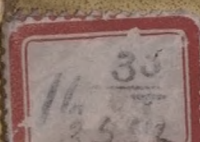
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PAPER DOLL POEMS

BY
PAULINE KING





Paper Doll Poems

Paper Doll Poems

By
Pauline King



New York
The Century Co.
1896

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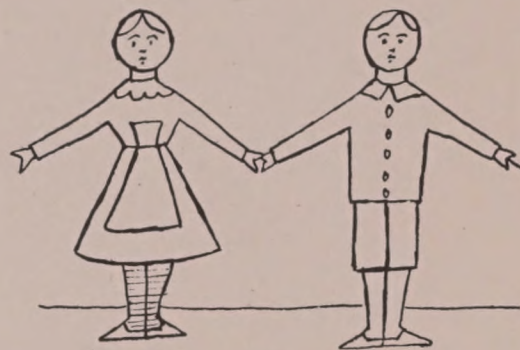
Dedication

This book, written by a big child for
little ones, is affectionately dedicated
to Francesca and Rosamond Gilder.



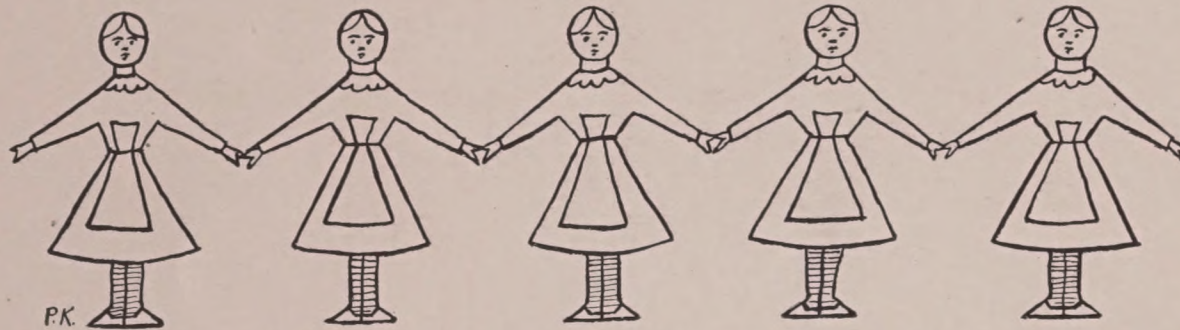
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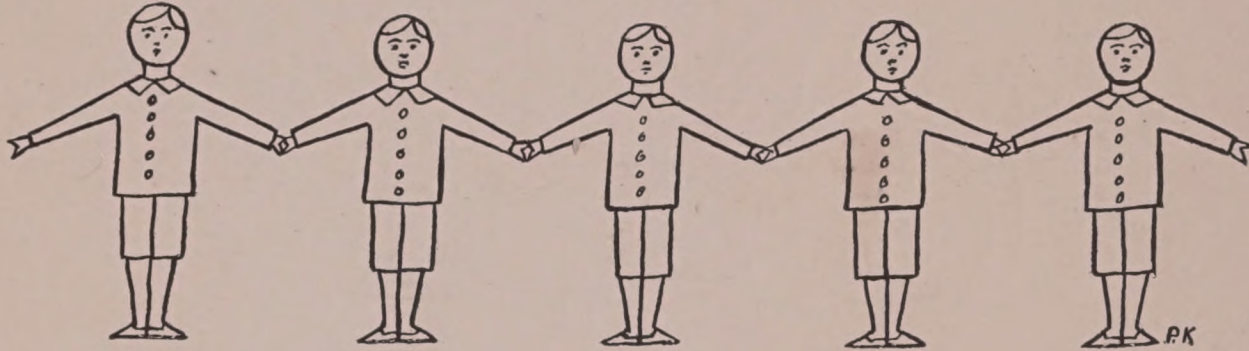
Paper Doll Poems

PAPER DOLL POEMS



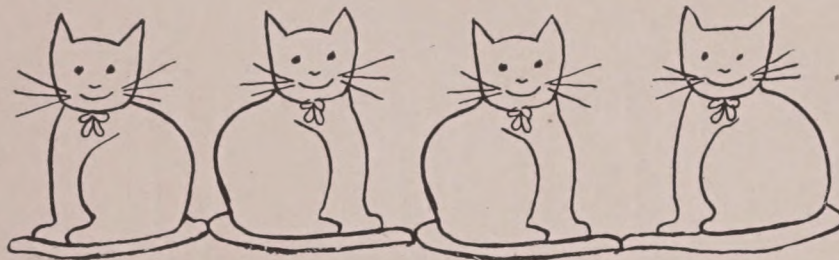
DEAR little Paper Dolls, that grow
All in a beautiful, even row !
Their toes turn out in a way that 's grand,
And they look so friendly, hand in hand.
I 've boughten dolls put away on the shelf —
For I love these best that I make myself.

PAPER DOLL POEMS



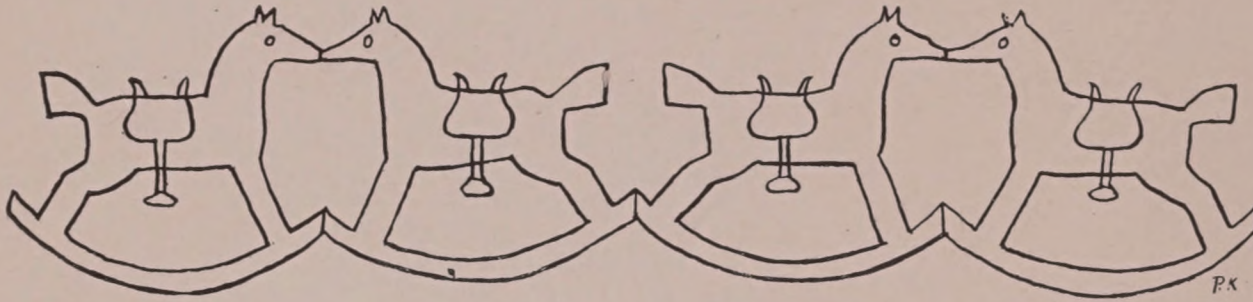
Then there come nice little paper boys
Who play with the girls, and break their toys.
They all have trousers down to their knees,
And they may shout just as loud as they please.
They never are bothered with dresses and curls,
And *never* are taken for little girls.

PAPER DOLL POEMS



Of course there are cats in Paper Land,
Or who would catch the rats?
They talk the language children talk,
And not the talk of cats.
They say, instead of "purr," and "mew,"
"Good afternoon," and "How do you do?"

PAPER DOLL POEMS



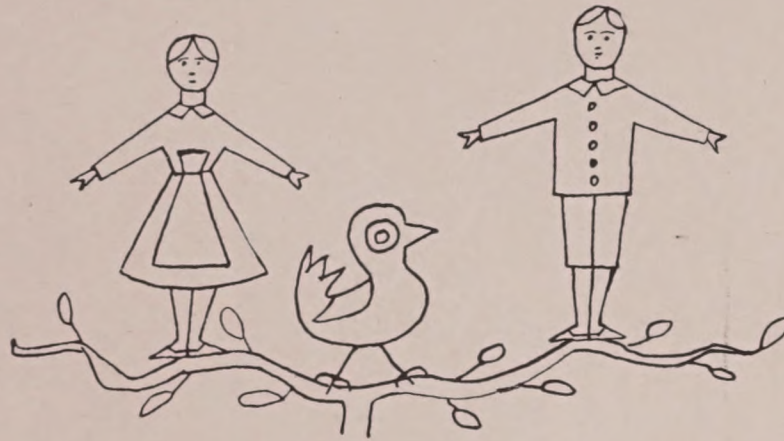
The Paper folks don't always walk,
But ride out every day ;
Their horses go just like the wind,
And do not care for hay —
They gallop in a long straight line,
And really do look very fine.





The Paper Doll Family

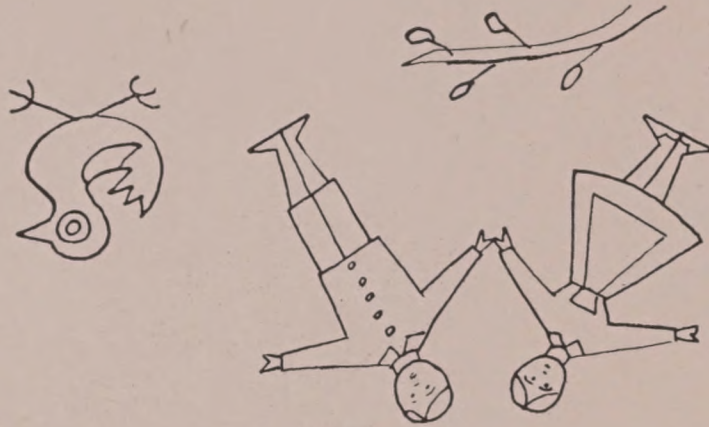
THE PAPER DOLL FAMILY



PAPER DOLL families, you know,
Do nothing but grow and grow and grow.
You cut them out four or six or ten,
Little women and little men,
And write each one's name upon its back
In letters nice and round and black.

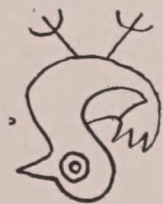
A very exclusive fam-i-lee
Who lived up in their ancestral tree
Were Jenny and Jack and the Wogglety Bird,
A creature whose actions are most absurd,
For a Wogglety Bird has large round eyes,
And it 's always woggling and heaving sighs.

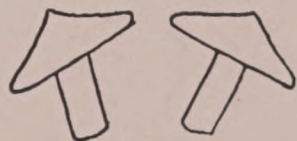
THE PAPER DOLL FAMILY



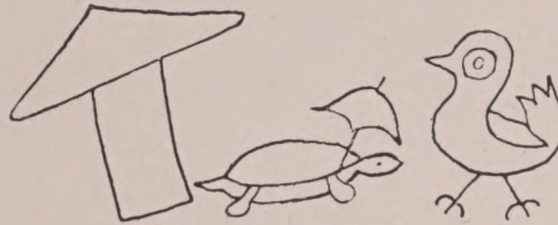
They looked very dignified those three,
But it's certainly dull living up in a tree,
For when the wind blows at a terrible rate
It is hard to keep one's balance straight,
And a Wogglety's sighs, it must be confessed,
Are apt to make one grow depressed.

One night the Wogglety had a dream,
And he woke with a start and a piercing scream.
He gave the tree such a terrible lurch
That the family tumbled down from their perch;
They tumbled down in a helpless way,
But no bones were broken, I'm glad to say.





THE PAPER DOLL FAMILY



Said the Wogglety Bird, "If you listen to me,
You'll never go back to that dismal tree.
And since we are here, at any rate,
Let us see if I cannot find a mate."
Then out from under a toadstool tall
Spoke a Turtle with a Parasol:

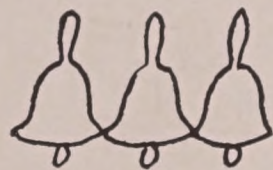
"Wogglety Birds are usually found
In very damp places and marshy ground;
They like red pepper to make them sneeze,
And they always sigh when they perch in trees."
The children were pleased to understand
That Woggleties were happier on land.

THE PAPER DOLL FAMILY



He looked so cheerful they certainly thought
That to travel a bit would be first-rate sport.
The Turtle, too, was going their way,
And such a party would be quite gay.
They found a cart that went on wheels,
And a dinner-bell that rang loud peals,

Some fine red pepper, an egg-beater, too,
A package of tacks, and a bottle of glue.
And through the woods they traveled along
While the Wogglety rang a loud ding-dong.
And the voice of the Turtle was gaily heard
Crying, "Where, oh, where is a Wogglety Bird?"





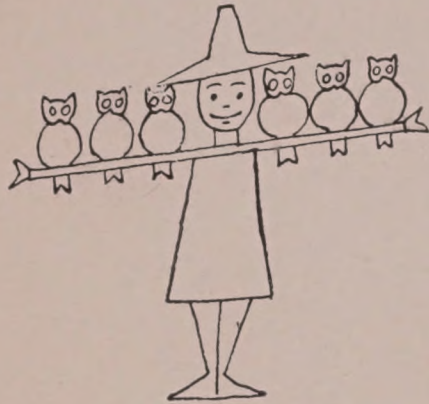
THE PAPER DOLL FAMILY



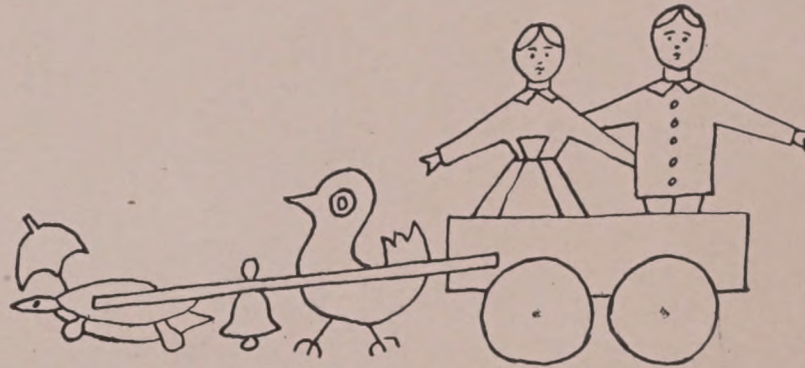
Jenny and Jack had never been
In such a mildly exciting scene.
They felt they were part of a pageant proud
As they rumbled along and the bell rang loud.
And they screamed in discords piercing and thin
To add to the general joyous din.

Their fine appearance quite impressed
All the people they met on their quest.
But no one, alas, had ever heard
Of such a thing as a Wogglety Bird.
And every one said, "The Scarecrow Man
Can tell you if anybody can."

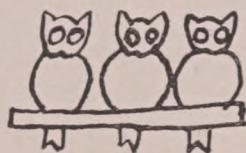
THE PAPER DOLL FAMILY



The Scarecrow Man was queer and thin,
But he had a most enticing grin,
And a family of little owls sat
On each of his arms neath the shade of his hat.
And he said, "Young people, I've certainly heard
Of such a thing as a Wogglety Bird.



"In fact I know that one is near ;
But Wogglety Birds are extremely queer,
And I 'm sadly afraid, although you call,
You 'll get no answer from him at all,
Unless you 've some pepper, a bottle of glue,
A package of tacks, and an egg-beater, too."





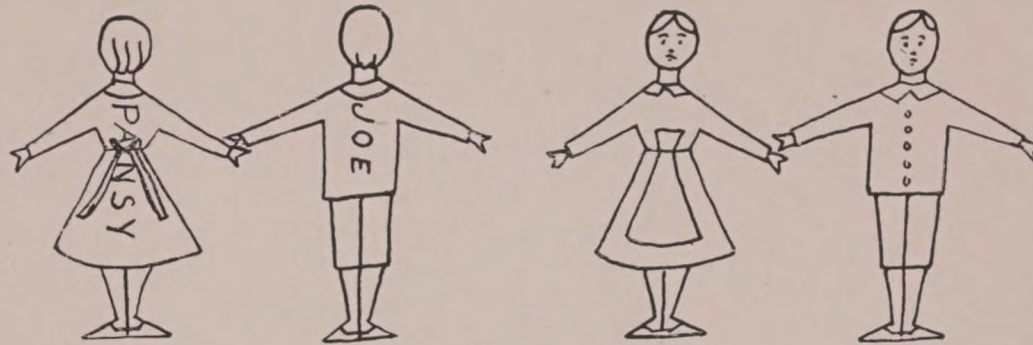
THE PAPER DOLL FAMILY



They showed him the things which they had found,
And he scattered the tacks all over the ground;
On the egg beater he played a tune,
While the Wogglety danced 'neath the crescent moon.
And the little owls sung "To-wit, To-woo,
Pepper and Glue, Pepper and Glue, Pepper and Glue."

It was not very long before there was heard
The woggling step of a Wogglety Bird ;
And circling round in the stately dance
The birds together did merrily prance.
They whirled and bowed, they smiled and sneezed,
And their audience looked very pleased.

THE PAPER DOLL FAMILY



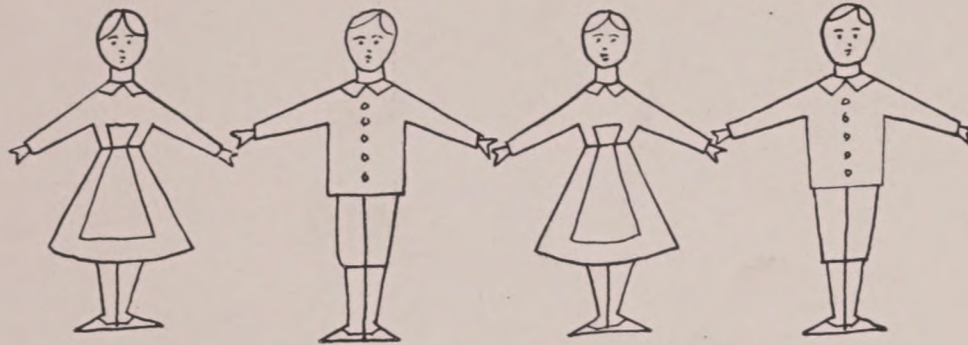
At last the Woggleties' breath was spent,
And they sat and cooed in great content,
Feasting — as Woggleties love to do —
Alternately on pepper and glue.
But now, alas! that the search was done,
There seemed an end of the Paper Dolls' fun.

They thought of their dismal ancestral tree —
When, what do you think they chanced to see?
Two paper dolls who were playing a game,
And on each one's back was written its name —
Pansy and Joe in letters neat,
And they 'd nicely brushed hair and turned-out feet.





THE PAPER DOLL FAMILY



They turned and smiled at the other two —
Shyly as children are wont to do —
Then they spoke, and before an hour was past,
They were friends forever, firm and fast.
They played at quoits and pitching rings,
At being pirates and queens and kings.

And the Scarecrow Man beamed on meanwhile,
With his most enticing sideways smile.
Then Jenny and Jack decided to stay
In the place where they could run and play;
For they found it was much more fun to be
Just commonplace dollies without their tree.

THE PAPER DOLL FAMILY



So now with the Scarecrow Man they dwell;
They gather around when he rings the bell,
Jenny and Jack and Pansy and Joe,
And the Woggleties who have forgotten their woe,
And the six little owls who shrilly call,
And the Turtle with the Parasol.

Often still 'neath the crescent moon
The Scarecrow Man plays a dulcet tune,
And they dance together round and round
To the egg-beater's wildly enchanting sound,
And the little owls call "To-wit, To-wee,
We are all as happy as we can be."





The Five Little Cats

THE FIVE LITTLE CATS



FIVE little cats made up their minds
To move to another home.
And they knew no place was quite so fine
As the ancient city of Rome.

“The city of Rome we must settle in,”
Said the eldest little cat.
“Perhaps we will grow to be Roman nosed,
And nothing ’s so stylish as that.”

Their tails were nicely curled at last,
Their whiskers were starched straight,
And then they had a falling out
About their proper gait.

THE FIVE LITTLE CATS



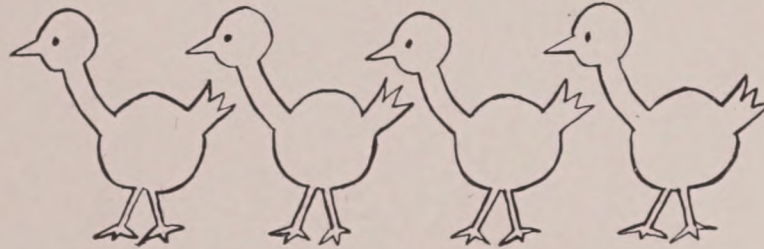
One thought it would look countrified
To all walk in a row ;
Another thought they should go fast,
Another would go slow.

And so they squabbled 'mongst themselves
Till their whiskers grew quite limp,
And all their lovely curling tails
Had quite got out of crimp.





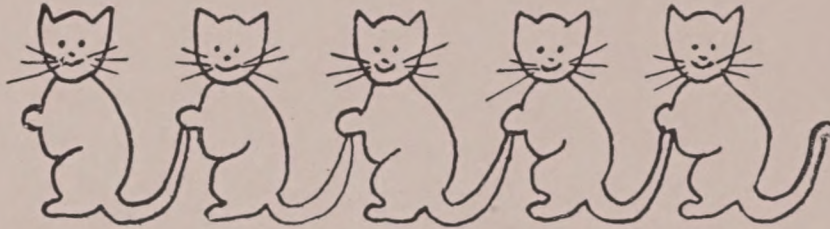
THE FIVE LITTLE CATS



Just then four geese came walking by —
A most impressive sight.
The little cats were much amazed
And quite forgot to fight.

“The proper way to walk,” they said,
“Is surely as they do.
Let ’s take hold of each other’s tails,
And make a nice long Q.”

THE FIVE LITTLE CATS



They practised goose-step up and down,
Until they were quite tired,
While neighboring cats came gathering round
And greatly them admired.

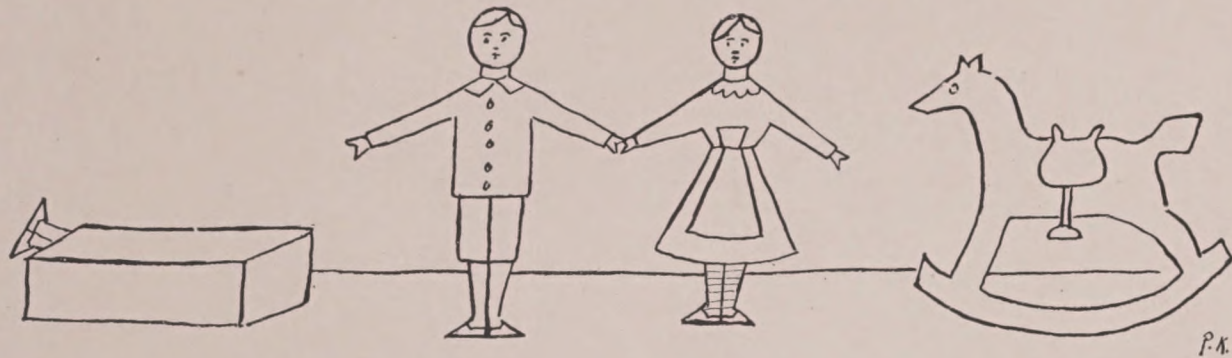
They felt they were quite talented,
And so they stayed at home,
Teaching small cats the goose-step there,
And never got to Rome.





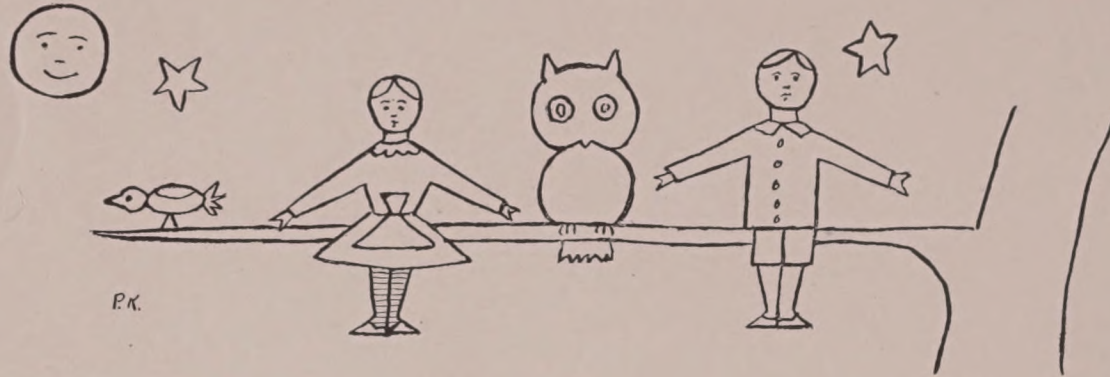
The Adventures of Peter and Patty

THE ADVENTURES OF PETER AND PATTY



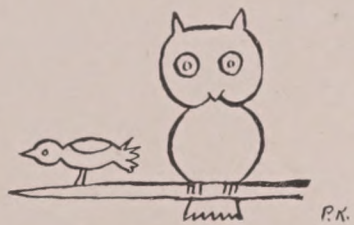
PETER and Patty ran away,
Out of the Box, one summer day,
And mother tells us every night
About their wand'rings and awful fright.

THE ADVENTURES OF PETER AND PATTY



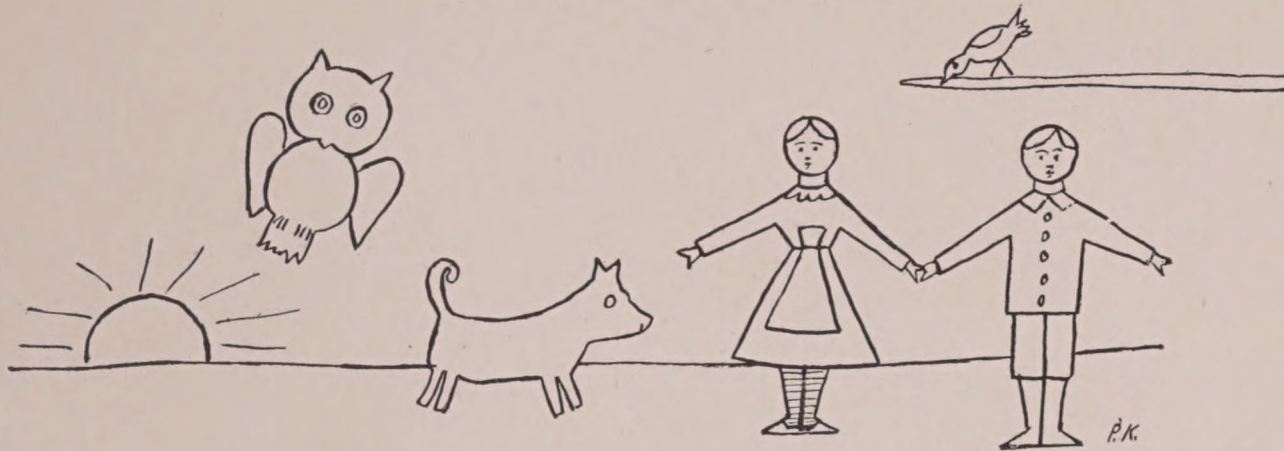
They rode and rode all the afternoon,
But somehow it got to be night quite soon.
They were used to going to bed upstairs,
And being tucked in and saying their prayers ;
But here they were out amongst great, dark trees,
And were, oh, so hungry without their teas.
Then they climbed a tree to be out of sight
Of bears and creatures that prowl by night.

There, perched on a branch, sat an amiable owl,
Who thought them a kind of harmless wild fowl ;
He rolled his eyes like balls of light,
And politely passed the time of night.
They were cold, they were hungry, and last of
their woes,
They 'd completely forgotten to bring their
night clo'es.





THE ADVENTURES OF PETER AND PATTY



And when it grew daylight the owl flew away,
With a queer sort of look on his countenance gray.
He 'd been thinking all night of the whys and
the whethers,
And he could n't decide what they 'd done with
their feathers.
They climbed to the ground, and were so stiff
and sore
That they vowed they would never leave home
any more.

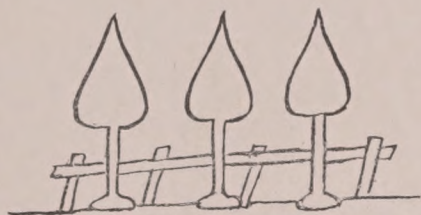
Then they saw a small Bow-wow come out of
the wood.
He was wagging his tail and looked friendly
and good,
And they cried, "Little Doggie, we two ran away
From the Paper Doll Box to run and play.
And now we have lost our track,—
Do help us to find our way back!
There are none so sad and unhappy as we,
For we perched all night on the limb of a tree."

THE ADVENTURES OF PETER AND PATTY



The Little Dog answered, "I do not know
The Paper Doll Box or the way to go.
But I know some people not far from here,
Mrs. Noah and her children dear.
The Paper Doll box they must have found,
For in their ark they have sailed all 'round.
So he led the way and they trotted behind;
And they thought he was most polite and kind.

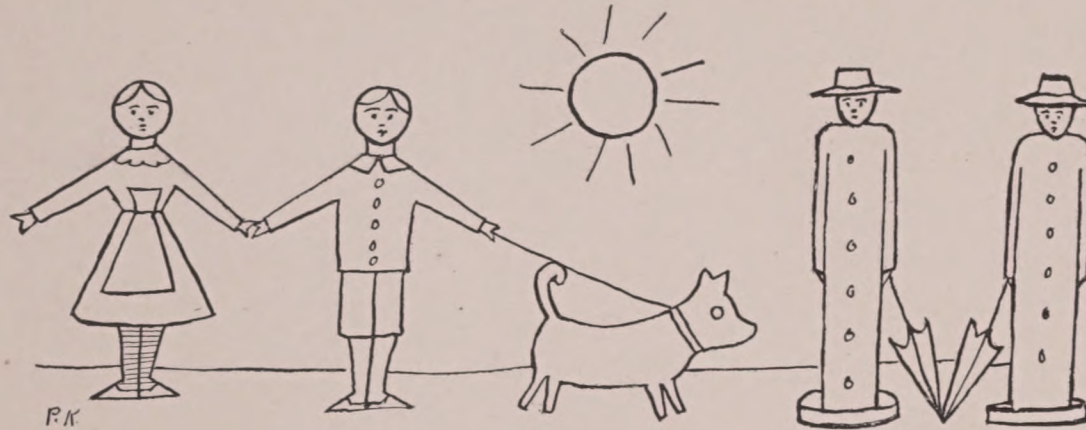
When they came near the house of Mrs. Noah,
They could hear the lions and tigers roar.
And their knees began to shake with fear
At the thought of animals fierce and queer.
But the Little Dog said, "There's no cause for
alarm,
They are just little pets that they keep on the
farm."



P. K.



THE ADVENTURES OF PETER AND PATTY

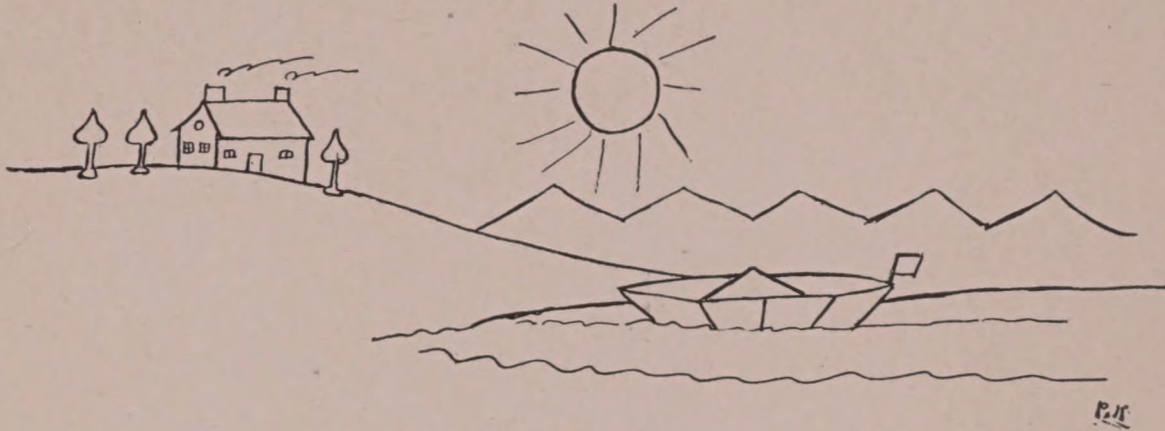


The house was the color of summer seas,
And stood in a grove of Christmas trees ;
A great brass knocker was on the door,
And a beautiful garden stretched out before.
Behind the house was a nice large park
For all the creatures that went in the Ark.

The Noahs were standing on top of the hill,
Watching them come as country-folks will ;

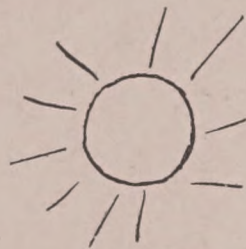
And the Little Dog introduced them all
With a beautiful bow he had learned for a ball.
The Noahs were as cordial and kind as you
please,
Though they never can bow 'cause they 're stiff
in their knees.
And they don't take their hats off even in bed,
Because each one's is glued tight on to his head.

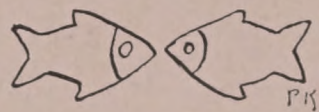
THE ADVENTURES OF PETER AND PATTY



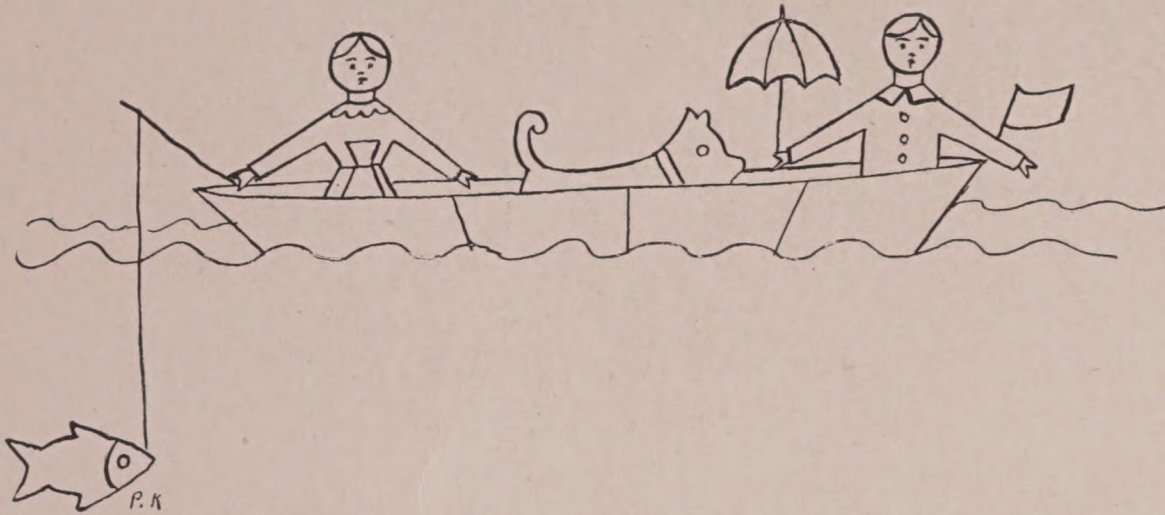
They took the paper dolls straight to their
hearts,
And fed them on cream and Banbury tarts.
But Mrs. Noah said, 't was the height of
folly
To travel without your rubbers and "brolly,"
For from her experience 't was plain
You never could tell when 't was going to rain.

Then Mr. Noah said : " Of course we know
The Paper Doll Box and how to go,
But children who run away from home
Can never get back the way they have come.
You will have to travel o'er ditch and dale
Until you come to the Great Water Pail.
And there is a skiff in which you can float
Just as we did in our big house boat."





THE ADVENTURES OF PETER AND PATTY



They gave them a parcel of sandwiches,
All made of crackers and old green cheese;
And though the day was remarkably fair,
An old umbrell' that belonged to the bear.

The way was all briars, and brooks, and stones,
They hurt their shins, and they banged their
bones.

The Little Dog trotted on ahead,
And they followed slowly, feet like lead.
They walked for a week by day and night,
Before the Water Pail came in sight;
And there was the boat so stanch and trim,
All painted gold with a silver rim.
The dog was ballast, and Patty was crew,
And Peter was captain, and cargo, too.

THE ADVENTURES OF PETER AND PATTY



The sun was warm, and the sky was blue,
The little birds over the water flew ;
The boat drifted on in the happiest style,
And the dog regained his cheerful smile,
And Patty fished in the end of the boat,
While Peter sang in a dulcet note :

“ There ’s no place in all the world like home —
The Paper Doll Box is the place for me.

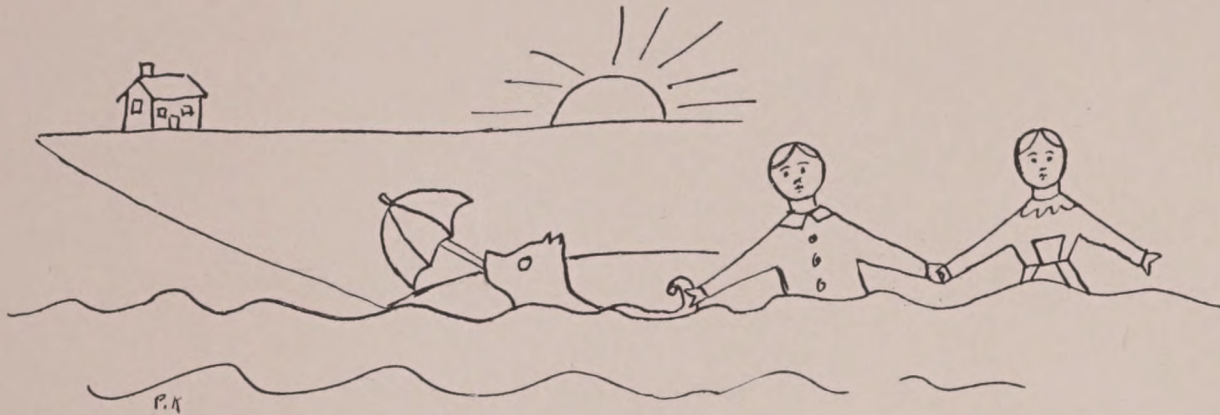
The land is all very well, I ’m sure,
And so, indeed, is the sea.
But there ’s nothing like the Paper Doll Box
In all the world to me ! ”

But then he stopped singing — the boat had
a shock,
And gently turned over upon a rock.





THE ADVENTURES OF PETER AND PATTY



Down to the depths of the sea went the boat.
The two Little Dolls and the Dog were afloat ;
They raised their hands, and shouted for help —
The Little Dog set up a terrible yelp —
But no one was 'round — not even a bird,
And the shore was so far that no one heard.
Then the Little Dog said, "Cling on to my tail,

And I 'll use the umbrella by way of sail.
Don't mind if your feet are a little wet,
Somehow or other we 'll get home yet."
The Little Doggie was stanch and brave,
He struck right out at a great high wave,
He swam till he ached and was stiff and sore,
But he landed the Paper Dolls safe on shore.

THE ADVENTURES OF PETER AND PATTY



They were, oh! such pictures of despair!
The ink had run in their eyes and hair;
Their clothes were nearly washed away,
And they 'd been quite new when they ran away.
They had such a funny watered look
That they had to be pressed in a heavy book.
And then in the morning, with ink and pen,
We made them like their old selves again.
And you can believe that, since that day,
They never have wanted to run away,

For they always are singing a little song,
Over and over all the day long:

“There 's no place in all the world like home,—
The Paper Doll Box is the place for me!
The land is all very well, I 'm sure,
And so, indeed, is the sea.
But there 's nothing like the Paper Doll Box
In all the world to me!”





The Animals of Berne

THE ANIMALS OF BERNE

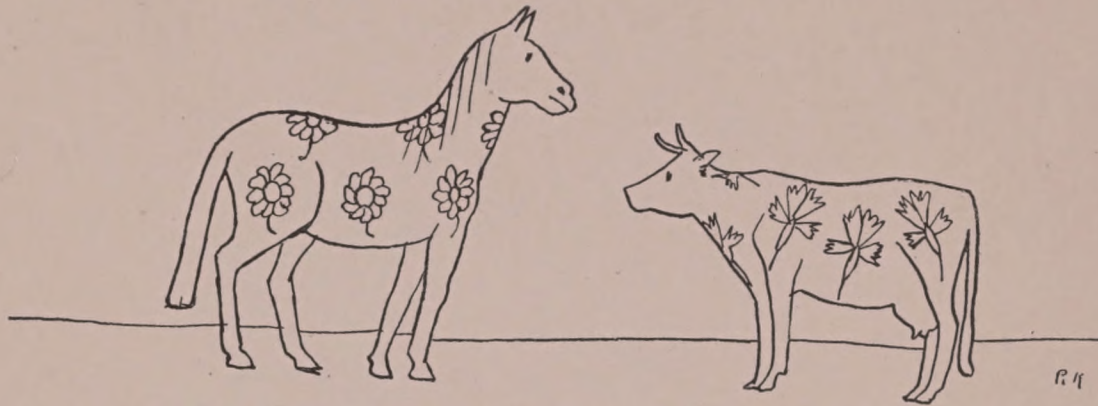


I have a set of Animals
From Berne across the sea.
You never would think cows and pigs
So beautiful could be.

For all the pigs are pale light blue,
And all the cows are green.
Their coats are speckled o'er with flowers
Of every kind that 's seen.

The horses are a fine bright pink
With daisies mottled over —
The cats are white and violet,
With leaves of meadow clover.

THE ANIMALS OF BERNE



There are no animals like those
In all my big Noah's Ark;
There are no animals like those
In all of Central Park.

And sometimes when I think of them
You don't know how I yearn
To see those lovely animals
A-walking round in Berne.







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